

Baby Mine!

Every mother feels an indescribable dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and danger of the ordeal make its anticipation one of misery.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

is the remedy which relieves women of the great pain and suffering incident to maternity; this hour which is dreaded as woman's severest trial is not only made painless, but all the danger is removed by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are avoided, the system is made ready for the coming event, and the serious accidents so common to the critical hour are obviated by the use of Mother's Friend. It is a blessing to woman.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Contains invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address, upon application, by The HARTFORD REPLICATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some new product or idea, that may bring you wealth? Write JOHN WOODRUFF, a C. O. agent, Atlanta, Ga., for the \$1.00 plan, and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

\$1,000 REWARD! The above reward will be paid for proof of the existence of a better LINIMENT than MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL, or a better WORM REMEDY than MERCHANT'S WORM TABLETS. Send your name, address, and description of your remedy, to J. B. BAKER, Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A.

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AUSTIN HOTEL F. O. AUSTIN, Mgr., 531 West Market Street Between 5th and 6th, Louisville, Ky.

CRINKLES: R. L. BAKER AND T. O. BAKER.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL ALINIMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST. Louisville Dental Co.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some new product or idea, that may bring you wealth? Write JOHN WOODRUFF, a C. O. agent, Atlanta, Ga., for the \$1.00 plan, and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

GROVES MAKES CHILDREN FAT AS PIGS. TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 CENTS.

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NO. 37.

LEA, TOM AND THE WHEEL.

Yea sar, boss, I war born out dar, Jus' a little to de left of de hill, An' right on down in de hollow is de nes' of de 'whippervill'.

Now dat's what dey called us niggers An' it mos' used to make me fight To hyar dem 'situations' 'Bout gittin our 'grub' at night.

Yo' could not ride a wheel fro' den, It war lo' dey made dis pike, Yo'd bus' yo' sides er' laughin' 'Rf I tole you when I fus seed a 'bike.'

Now me an' Lisa, dat's my wife, Twar one day ya' lo' las'! We strolled down dis berry road, An' war joggin' erlong sorte las'.

Liza, she war moughty fat, Liza, she war moughty fat, Liza, she war moughty fat, Liza, she war moughty fat.

We war walkin' down dis berry road, De sun war pourin' down; When Liza, she looked way a head, Seed a dun' dat sis from de groun'.

Den she looked at me wid her eyes Buifed out, Said: 'Tom, fo, de lan, what's dat? Dar's sumfin er' comin' down de road, Looks like a gress big bat.'

So on it cum an' closer got—I clur I dun dot cold, I knowed it sho' wuz 'struction; So ob Liza took hold.

Liza nebbur turned her head, I toat dat she war dun, I said dat an' de debil; An' Liza so' mus' run.

So Liza put out down de road, As hard as she could tar; Her feet, yer dey war bar.

But boss I know yo' did die, Bif yo'd seed dat 'oman 'grit,' I mos' forgot er'bout dat thing, When I see her 'hit de gait.'

I looked once mo' an' on it cum, My feelins I can't scribe; But I knowed it war de debil Or a member ob his tripe.

Well, ansh, yo' orter see me move, As down dis road I struck, An' Liza too—but she look like— Well—'bout like a big fat duck.

As a shot past her like a streak She looked ready mos' to faint; I ax de Lawd to help yo'— But Liza now I can't.

Yo' seed dat picket fence down dar, I headed straight for dat, An' boss I went right fro' it Jus' like a hunted rat.

Cose Liza she mus' follow me, An' for de fence she made, I holloed don' yo' come fro' dar, Don't fo' goodness sake.

But boss she paid no tention, She forgot dat I wuz slim, So she got las'nd in de crack; She did as 'sho' as Jim.

She holloed, 'marstah sabe me: An' I'll be good; I'll fetch back all dem chickens, I'll gut dat stealin' wood.'

I seed dat she wuz sposin' All de family feirs; So I rushed back to help her, For dat wuz wuz 'I clur's.

Liza she war half way fro', Got las'nd good an' tight, Sho' yo' bann her kinky head Had dun turned almos' white.

Jus' as got my Liza io's Up cum dat fellow on de wheel, An' boss I felt right foolish, As I sneaked on fro' de fel'.

Den Liza she played moughty brave, Ax me what I feared; An' said jus' cos' she holloed, Taint no sign she got skeared.

—Jesse Phillips. Barlington, Ky.

LIGHTNING SPEED Made by an L. & N. Train With Jack Keough at the Throttle.

The Fastest Time on Record.

The statement having been published giving an account of the fastest run ever made on the L. & N. R. R., awarding Engineer 'Pap' Russell the honor, has called forth a correction, as a much faster run was made by Jack Keough.

In the year 1868 the great Southern railroad was to be sold at auction, from the court house door in Nashville. The L. & N. road was very desirous to gain control of that important line, as it opened up an outlet to St. Louis and the West. There were several other roads after it and the bidding promised to be lively. The date of sale was set at 10 a. m. sharp, Nov. 13. The President of the L. & N. then was Mr. Meek, the founder of Meek City, Tennessee.

Mr. Meek and a number of stockholders started from Louisville in ample time to reach Nashville for the sale, but a freight wreck, at Rowlett station detained the special train of two coaches, containing Mr. Meek, and party, twelve hours. They arrived in Bowling Green at 8:35 o'clock on the morning of the 14th. Only one hour and thirty five minutes before the sale commenced at Nashville.

Mr. Meek had, however, already wired the master mechanic, at Bowling Green, to have the fastest engine and the best and most reliable engineer ready to couple on to their train

without delay. The best engine on the division at that time was No. 61, which was built in England and was considered the fastest piece of machinery on the road.

Jack Keough was sent for, as he had the best record for fast running of any man on the division. Jack was in his prime and there was nothing too fast for him to run, but long years of service has tamed the wild spirit within him, and he is now as steady-going as a clock. The engine was run out of the round house and an extra tank of water was attached to the rear of the tender, so as to do away with necessity of taking water between here and Nashville. Jack got his engine ready and as soon as the special came, the 61 was coupled on in a few minutes. While Jack and the conductor were in the telegraph office getting orders, Mr. Meek hurried in and said: 'Jack, we want you to take us to Nashville as fast as steam can carry us: every train on the road is side tracked, so get there by ten o'clock if possible.'

'All right,' said Jack, 'get on; we are ready to go.' Climbing on the engine he pulled the throttle open and they were off. They crossed the main street crossing at 8:46 o'clock, and around the curve and out of sight in a few seconds they went. Four and a half minutes later they whistled for Memphis Junction, which is four miles from Bowling Green. From the junction there is a long straight piece of track, and as the old 61 settled down to her work, they fairly flew. The telegraph poles looked like the teeth on a fine comb, and they went through the small town like a whirlwind, leaving a long string of smoke and dust behind them. Twenty-one minutes gone and they passed through Franklin like a flash, down Sharp's Branch they flew faster and faster. The speed then was something terrific. The engine rocked from side to side and looked every moment as if she would jump the track.

Mr. Meek and party, with faces blanched with fear, held on to the coach seats with both hands. Reaching South Tunnel, the top of the heaviest grade on the road, they ran the five miles down hill with open throttle, making the distance in three minutes and forty seconds. Leaving Gallatin in their rear they soon reached Edgfield Junction, only ten miles from Nashville. Down four miles the hill they went with a long whistle of warning, they tore through Edgfield. A watchman had been stationed at each street crossing of the road to prevent accidents.

The never slackened speed until they crossed Cumberland river bridge and rolled into the College street station. They reached the depot at exactly 9:55 o'clock making the run of seventy-one miles in sixty-nine minutes. Mr. Meek reached the court house in ample time to in the highest bid for the great Southern road; thus securing the paying branch of the L. & N. The United States government came very near bringing suit against the L. & N. company on account of holding a mail packet thirty minutes at Cumberland river bridge, the watchman refusing to turn the 'draw' until the special had passed over.—[Bowling Green Times.

I heard of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey, and seeing many recommendations from different persons, of its wonderful valuable merits, I thought I would try a bottle. I have been seriously affected for twenty-five years with a cough and pains in my side and breast that were causing me a miserable life. I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicines, but every thing failed until I found this wonderful remedy. It beats the world and has saved my life. I recommend Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey to everybody with weak lungs. It is a great success.—J. B. Russell, Grantsburg, Ill. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

It is related of Rev. David Short that when he was pastor of the Penn Avenue Baptist Church at Scranton, Pa., he was zealous in the work of securing new members. One man, with whom he had labored exhaustively was finally persuaded as to his Christian duty, but could not make up his mind whether to become a Methodist, or a Baptist. Finally he hit upon a compromise and wrote to the doctor that he had decided to unite with the Methodists, but would like to be baptized in the Baptist church by immersion. This so exasperated the good doctor that he sent the following reply: 'I regret I cannot accommodate you, but this church does not take in washing.'

A Farmer's Dream. Once a farmer had 1,800 bushels of wheat, which he sold, not to a single grain merchant, but to 1,800 different dealers, a bushel each. A few of them paid him in cash, but the greater number said it was not convenient then, but would pay later. A few months passed and the man's bank account ran low. 'How is this?' he said. 'My 1,800 bushels of grain should have kept me in flour until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts,

so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect. It fast enough to pay expenses.' So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said: 'Mine is only a small matter and I will go and pay one of these days,' forgetting that though each account was very small when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus; the man got to feeling so badly and rolled and tossed about so much in his efforts to collect that he fell out of bed and awoke, and running to his granary found his 1,800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming and hadn't sold his wheat at all.

MORAL.—The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said: 'Here, sir, is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend upon me to pay it promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night and I know how it feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts.'

—[Franklin Ind.] Democrat.

How many deaths can be traced to a 'slight cold'? The record of mortality would be greatly reduced if every home was supplied with a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. The great exterminator of coughs, colds, croup and kidney affections. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

San Jose on Divorce. 'The Bible tells us that "whoever the Lord hath joined together, let no man put asunder." I don't believe there ever was a marriage that God had made and blessed, that was followed by an infelicitous divorce. A match that God makes is not unmade.

'It's the devil's gang that's getting the divorces, (Amens.) When a young man and a young woman love each other and go to the minister and are joined together by him with God's blessings, when these two lives are joined together in this sacred way, they become one; and I say the most unparadiseable sin in this world is to deliberately tear asunder a match like that.

'The legislatures of nearly every state are digging and cutting at God's laws on marriage, and if they keep passing their laws the whole structure of our society will fall. Every divorce obtained is a direct blow at the foundations of society.'

'If a man picks out a girl he wants from the 40,000,000 in this world in this country and then in twelve months is running up to the judge and telling him that he has a direct case of incompatibility, I say there's something wrong with our social fabric, and I feel like saying to such a man, "You ought to be killed you dirty dog you." I don't believe there's a dirty dog in Atlanta who gets a divorce but that the devil will get him. I mean what I say, let the chips fall where they will. It's the devil's work—this divorce business. God save the world when it becomes fashionable to get a divorce.'

'I understand that in a city not far from here they are issuing marriage licenses with divorce coupons attached. If you marry a girl on one of those licenses and get tired of her all you have to do is to fill out the divorce coupon, tear it off and hand it to a justice of the peace and you'll be divorced.'

'Take the marriage that's heaven blessed. The man marries the girl of his choice and they go to live in a little cottage that the man has bought. The man is a mechanic and makes a good salary. Day by day he adds comfort to his home and buys things that his little wife wants. In the course of years, God has blessed that home with children—it's one of the brightest, happiest homes in the country.'

Marvelous Results. From a letter written by Rev. J. Gauderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: 'I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results.' Trial bottles free at Williams & Bell's Drug store.

The Telephone Worked. According to a Kentucky paper, when the telephone was first introduced in that state an old farmer who did not exactly understand the working of the invention bought a new pair of boots for his son who lived down in Texas. He hung the boots across the wire at sundown one evening. During the night some one took the boots and placed a pair of old ones across the wire. Next morning the old gentleman went out and to his delight he saw the old boots. He hastened into the house, exclaiming to his wife: 'Say, Sal, this here telephone is the best thing yet John got his boots last night and I'm blasted if he didn't send the old ones home!'

EDDIE MERRICK.

The Youngest Telegraph Operator in Kentucky.

There are not three more energetic or more worthy boys in the state than Ray, Eddie and Charles Merrick, of Beaver Dam. They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Merrick, agents of the Illinois Central road at Beaver Dam, and are all born hustlers and gentlemen. Charles, the oldest, is agent for the Louisville Post in his home town, and he sells more papers than the three other Louisville papers combined. Ray, the youngest, is a farmer and sheep raiser. He eats no idle bread, and has a pretty nice bank account. But Eddie, who is now nearly thirteen years old, is the marvel of the family.

Over two years ago this bare bit of a boy was telegraphing successfully. In the absence of his father one day, caused by illness, Eddie, when about ten years old, assumed charge of the Illinois Central, and not a dot or dash went amiss. He was at that time, and is probably now, the youngest operator in the South. He has almost constantly since then acted as train dispatcher and general commercial operator at that point, and has done his work so well as to receive the unstinted praise of those who are in positions to know of his capacity.

—[Post.

HOW TO FIND OUT. Fill a bottle or common water glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment of settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes the unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. Sold by druggists price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN and send your full post-office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer. 27-137.

The Sound Money Propaganda. The decision of the silver men to continue their fight for the 50-cent dollar, despite the opposition of the people in November, is appropriately followed by the organization in New York of a sound money league, which is to be national in its character and in the scope of its work. From this time on till the next presidential election the dissemination of money facts and correct views as to money is to be continued.

The most efficient agency of the last campaign was the sound currency committee of the New York Reform club, and its publications, each given to some one phase of the currency question, were invaluable to speakers and writers. A sound basis for currency reform was thus laid in the minds of thousands who were groping after the truth. These publications, it is stated, are to continue. An effort is to be made to widen the field of operation by a series of writings of a more popular character. In the south and west particularly honest thinkers are to be supplied with material for progressive thought toward sound conclusions on the money question.

Which was done in six months of 1895 to uproot the erroneous ideas planted in the five years of populist agitation. Errors had flourished simply because they had not been confronted with fact. Now monetary truth is to be systematically inculcated as fallacy was, and the result cannot but be most wholesome.—Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Bryan on Equality. In his speech at New York on February 26 Mr. Bryan said: 'If any person believes a government should single out a few people and give them advantages over others, he does not understand equality under the law.'

'This is very true. But in demanding that silver mine owners be permitted to take 50 cents' worth of bullion to the treasury and have it stamped as one dollar is not Mr. Bryan advocating the very thing he is denouncing. He is asking that silver be stamped as one dollar, and not free of charge of silver at a fictitious ratio be to "single out a few people and give them advantages over others." The owners of silver bullion in this country are very few indeed.

Again Mr. Bryan says: "No just government ought to enable or permit one citizen to injure another citizen."

True. But would not the government do this if it enabled one class of citizens, the debtors, to discharge their obligations to another class, the creditors, in dollars worth only half as much as were the dollars loaned? If the government were to make wampum or couch shells legal tender for the payment of debt, would it not enable one class of citizens to injure another class? And would it not do the same in depreciating the currency of the country to a 50-cent basis?

The people so decided last November. **Afraid of Sixteen to One Five.** The democrats of Rhode Island will, it is said, ignore the currency question in their coming state convention. They will ignore it for the same reason that a burial child stops playing with fire. It is to be hoped that the democrats will profit by past mistakes. It would be a pity not to have the two great old parties in the field in 1900.

THE BARK OF FLOUR.

Guilty, Judge, and I own the crime— I slipped away with a sack of off-bran; They nabbed me just in the nick of time—

I'd have had it home in half an hour Only, the constable on the hill, Knew that I must have jumped the bill;

Knew as well as he could that I Hadn't the money with which to buy.

'Larceny!' that's the proper word; There's never a crime but Law can name. Only, I wonder if law has heard That anyone but the thief's to blame?

Say; did the constable on the hill Tell you the wheels of trade were still?

Tell you when work was dull or dead The wife and the child might go starved?

Guilty, Judge—let the law be paid; But if you had children four or five, As pretty as God has ever made, And lacked the food to keep them alive,

Lacked the method but not the will, Their cries of hunger to stop and still— And then saw oceans of food in view— For God's sake tell me, what would you do?

Say? if you had a wife whose heart Had fed your own for a score of years, And never a moment walked apart From all your griefs and hopes and fears,

And now in that faithful bosom had grown A little life that was part your own And hunger harrowed them through and through, For God's sake tell me, what would you do?

Dollars by thousands stacked away— Harvests rotting in barn and sheds, Silk and ribbons and fine display— And children crying for lack of bread,

Wealth and famine are hand in hand, Making the tour of a heart-sick land, Half of a country's future weal Crushed by the present's selfish heel!

Guilty, Judge—and I own the crime; Put me in prison without delay— Only—please work me double time, And send my family half the pay; And tell my children, if ever they ask, That I was working my glooming task.

Not for pleasure or money or gem— But for the love I had for them. —Will Carleton.

Spring Requires The impurities which have accumulated in your blood during the winter shall be promptly and thoroughly expelled if good health is expected. When the warmer weather comes these impurities are liable to manifest themselves in various ways and often lead to serious illness. Unless the blood is rich and pure that tired feeling will afflict you, your appetite will fail and you will find yourself 'all run down.' Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the system, drives out all impurities and makes pure, rich, healthy blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier and the best spring medicine. Be sure to get only Hood's.

CASTORIA. It is in every drug store. Don't do it.

Bill Nye once said: "Do not attempt to cheat an editor out of a year's subscription to his paper, or any other sum. Cheat the minister, cheat anybody and everybody, but if you have any regard for future consequences, don't fool the editor. You will be put up for office sometime, or wait some public favor for yourself or your friends, and when your luck is the editor of beauty, a joy forever, the editor will open on you and knock your castles into a cocked hat at the first fire. He'll subdue you, and then you'll curse your stupidity for a drivelling idiot, go hire some man to knock you down and kick you for falling."

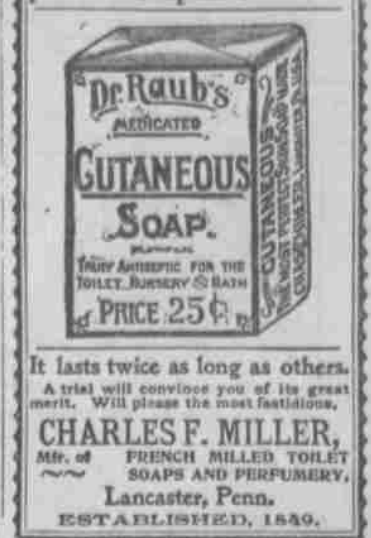
Cancer Of the Breast. Mr. A. H. Crausby, of 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife paid no attention to a small lump which appeared in her breast, but it soon developed into a cancer of the worst type, and notwithstanding the treatment of the best physicians, it continued to spread and grow rapidly, eating two holes in her breast. The doctors soon pronounced her incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave her the case up as hopeless.

Someone then recommended S.S.S., and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

A Real Blood Remedy. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to cure Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, Scrofula, or any other blood disease. Our books will be mailed free to any address. Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

"Nothing else like it." The most refreshing and pleasant Soap for the skin.



It lasts twice as long as others. A trial will convince you of its great merit. Will please the most fastidious. CHARLES F. MILLER, MANUFACTURER OF TOILET, BATHING AND HAIR SOAPS AND PERFUMERY, Lancaster, Penn. ESTABLISHED 1840.

PROFESSIONAL CARD. James A. Smith, ATTORNEY AT LAW

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HARTFORD, KY. Will practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office in Republican building.

ARMISTEAD JONES, Attorney at Law

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The Republican and the St. Louis Semi-weekly Globe-Democrat one year for \$1.75.

NOTICE. I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opioid and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address: J. N. WOODLEY, Atlanta, Ga., Box 354, and one will be sent you free.

Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway Co. in Effect June 1.

West bound daily daily L. Louisville . . . 7:55 a m 6:30 p m L. Brandenburg . . . 9:24 7:55 L. Irvington . . . 9:49 8:20 L. Stephentown . . . 10:28 8:58 L. Cloverport . . . 10:47 9:48 L. Haverhill . . . 11:12 9:44 L. Owensboro . . . 12:15 p m 10:48 Ar Henderson . . . 1:15 11:55

East bound daily daily L. Henderson . . . 7:30 a m 2:55 p m L. Owensboro . . . 8:25 3:55 L. Haverhill . . . 9:35 4:53 L. Cloverport . . . 9:50 5:17 L. Stephentown . . . 10:14 5:35 L. Irvington . . . 10:51 6:10 L. Brandenburg . . . 11:18 6:39 Ar Louisville . . . 12:45 p m 8:00

TIME TABLE I. C. R. H. GRAVER

GOING EAST. Local Freight No. 292 a m 6:00 a. m. Mail No. 222 a m 1:02 p. m. Fast Mail No. 202 a m 7:25 p. m.

GOING WEST. Fast Mail No. 201 a m 7:17 a. m. Mail No. 221 a m 12:25 p. m. Local Freight No. 291 a m 3:25 p. m.

H. MERRICK, Agt.

The Republican and the Courier-Journal for one year for \$1.50.